THE LEGEND OF Captaine Iones:

CONTINUED

From his firſt part to his end:

Wherein is delivered

His incredible adventures and atchievements by ſea and land.

Particularly;

His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea by the ſupport of a Dolphin.

His ſeverall deſperate duels.

His combate with *Bahader Cham* a gyant of the race of *Og*.

His loves.

His deep imployments and happy ſucceſſe in buſineſſe of State.

All which, and more is but the tithe of his owne relation, which he continued untill he grew ſpeechleſſe, and died.

LONDON,
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To the Reader.

Reader, read on: here you may happ'ly meet
Newes, pleasing more, then what's cri'd in your street.
Jones is reviv'd; nere start: the danger's past;
What he hath done long since, now makes him last.
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Then he made good on oath: then (pray) believe
What here you'l find: thus by your faith hee'l live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile
To be surmounted: downe-right were his blowes;
Downe-right his speech; downe-right to's grave he goes.
Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

THE LEGEND OF CAPTAINE *JONES*,

Continued from his first part to his end.

WIll nothing please the taste of these rough times
But rue and wormwood stuf't in prose orrimes?
No verse to make our poets Laureate
But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?
Must all turne Mercuries, these times to fit
By poisoning fame with their quick-silver wit?
That name that's got by some notorious ill,
And merits Gives, is hatefull to our quill.
But if the last brave acts of Captaine *Jones*
Which can move mirth and feare, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here remounted on our stage.

Yet

Yet know wee ſtill are ty'd to our low ſtreine,
We muſt not once tranſcend his down-right veine.
And if you meet ought ſavoring of a lye,
(Reader beleeve't) tis *Jones* that ſpeakes, not I.
We left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought,
Twenty foure Donnes, and all not worth a groat
Compar'd to him, though each had had command
Over great armies preſt for ſea and land.
Here ſee him ſhipt for his dear native coaſt;
Where ere he comes you'l finde hee'l rule the roaſt
With new found foes, who attempt his force to ſhake;
But ſleeping Lions 'tis not wiſe to wake.
Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves inlarge
Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
And weighty convoy of this mighty man
To whence he came; but ere the ſhip had ran
Ten glaſſes out, comes Boreas with a cloud
As black as ink; the ſteers-man cries aloud
Downe with the topſaile, keep the ſpritſaile tight,
Haile the maine bowling. Whilſt this mask of light
Uſherd with lightening plowes the angry deep
High as herſelfe in ridges, and as ſteep
As Cair's tall Pyramids: the labouring ſhip
Like a chaſt Beare with Maſtives, ſtrives to keep
Her beak aloft; ſome billowes ſhe breakes throw,
Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this ſtur unmov'd: from *Neptune* ſtill
He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
Thus whileſt the carefull ſea-men work and pray,
He careleſſe, to his cabbin calles his boy,
And makes him read to him the ancient ſtories
Of our old Engliſh Worthies, and their glories;

24 Spaniſh commanders given in exchange for him.

How our S. George did the fell Dragon gore:
The like atchievement of Sr. Eglemore:
Topas hard queſt after th'Elfe Queen to Barwick:
Sr. Bevis cow, and Guy's fierce boare of Warwick,
Theſe ſtories read, exalt his haughty minde
Above the ſervil feare of ſea or winde,
The ſhips hard ſtate grew now from ill to worſe:
Between too hideous ſeas acroſſe her courſe,
Her whole bulk groanes: her beak and maine maſt break.
Shooke with this ſhock, ſhe ſprings a dangerous leak,
Which her ſlye foe ſoone findes, and to begin
Like a dire dropſie, drenches all within.
Thus whilſt a treacherous in-mate fills her wombe,
She's forc'd to be her owne deſtructions tombe.
And over burthend with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can worke no more.
Here might be ſeen the ſad effects of feare
Which ſeverall wayes in ſeverall men appeare:
Some cry'd, ſome pray'd, whilſt others ſweare or rave,
To leave the land to make the ſea their grave.
Jones ſwolne with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the ſea, aſcends and *Neptune* cites
To ſingle combate: when a boiſtrous wave
Which *Neptune* ſent to make him *Neptunes* ſlave,
Whurles him a cables length to ſea, the ſhip
Sinks with the reſt, who give this world the ſlip.
Well now Sr. *Jones* 'tis time to ſhew your skill;
You muſt ſwim ſtoutly for't, or drinke your fill.
No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
Thy body is boyd up by thy blow'n ſpirit.
As a grim * ſea-calfe ſtill preſaging ſtormes
Wallowes and wantons in cold Thetis armes:

Sr. Topas rime in Chaucer.

* Alway portending ſtormes when they are ſeen to play.

Juſt ſuch is *Jones*: as if he had been bred
With her finn'd frie within her watrie bed.
No ſhip for help, no land for hope appeares;
Horror of billowes roaring in his eares.
Nothing ſupports but confidence alone, as
If ſome preſt Whale muſt take up *Jones* like *Jonas*:
At laſt (alaſſe!) he findes he is no fiſh,
His ſpirit 'gins to leave his treacherous fleſh.
Continuall laboring makes his limbs waxe ſtark
And ſtiffe with cold, his optick ſenſe growes dark,
Neptune inſults, and brandiſhing his mace
Makes his rude billowes daſh him ore the face.
Now ſee the fate of noble reſolution,
When *Jones* thought nothing but of diſſolution,
Man's conſtant friend a gentle Dolphin glides
Between his thighes, on whom he mounts and rides
In poſt with mighty ſpeed, through wind and weather;
So his kind fiſh holds out, he cares not whither;
Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets
From ridge to ridge; 'twas ſtrange, how faſt he ſits
In this rough road; but *Jones* learn'd from his cradle
To ride without a ſtirrop or a ſadle
When on the mountains tops wilde mares he ſpide,
He ſuckt them dry, and then ſtraight up and ride.
At laſt at this high ſpeed he gets the ſight
Of land, ſo neere, hee's ready to alight,
When his kind fiſh much griev'd to leave the burthen
She lov'd ſo well, to ſea again doth turn
With mighty ſpeed, ſtill *Jones* doth her beſtride
Beleeving now he ſhould toth' India's ride.
Faine would he turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridles want till now:

The Dolphin is alwaies obſerv'd to be a lover of man.

At

At laſt the faithfull fiſh preferring higher
Her riders ſafetie then her own deſire;
She turnes her courſe about with happy haſt,
And ſo our errant Knight on land ſhe caſt.
Some Spaniſh writers flatly doe deny
He ſufferd wrack, and plainly term't a lye:
They ſay the ſhip that led this dangerous dance
Was built by Lewis King Henry's ſonne of France,
The eldeſt ſon of the King of France alwaies ſtiled the Dolphin.
And took that name from him, who beares that name
As eldeſt ſonne, who ſtill is ſtyl'd the ſame:
They write *Fones* got this ground t'augment his glory
And cheat the world with this ſtupendious ſtory;
But let the reader judge if this be true,
And know pale envy ſtill doth worth purſue.
Well now to *Fones* againe, we may conceave
He was not ill apaid to take his leave
Of this rough element: nor did account it
Much worſe to goe on foot, then ride ſo mounted.
'Tis true, he road this lofty fiſh in ſtate,
But 'twas too neere the boiſterous fitt of fate,
He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheel, though fickle,
Yet loath he was to be laid up in pickle;
Or that his manly limbs ſhould be a feaſt
For ſharks, or crabs, or congers to digeſt.
His next work is to finde ſome habitation,
Though he came ſafely there 'twas in meane faſhion,
The ſelfe-ſame clothes which when Alonſo brav'd him,
He made him weare, and to the gally ſlav'd him.
And though this laſt foul ſtorme had little harm'd him,
It ſeem'd to ſome ſtrange thing to have transform'd him
Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred lockes,
Nebuchadnezzar. Like Babels King when turn'd into an oxe:

For

For a freſh-water ſouldier none could doubt him,
The ſeas ſalt teares ran trickling round about him.
In this cold plight he leaves the beachy ſtrand,
And coaſts the maine with many a weary ſtand.
At laſt he ſpies a houſe, not great, but good:
For here he findes a brother of his brood,
Who had adventur'd in thoſe wayes before,
And rays'd ſome fortune by't, and gave it ore.
He quicly finds that *Jones* had skap'd ſome wrack;
Experience, charity and pity ſpake
On his behalfe; the good man bids him in,
And with *T'are kindly welcome* doth begin.
He ſpak't in Dutch, which gladded *Jones*, for he
Could ſpeak't aſwell as † *GRACE dw worth awhee.*
Which language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him
When Greenfield to America had brought him.
By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones*:
Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's ſet with homely wholeſome cheere,
And to make all compleat, ſtrong Lubeck beere.
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat then faire,
But wondrous free, and thereto debonaire.
Which made *Jones* aske what Country 'twas that gave
This noble welcome to her humble ſlave?
He's anſwer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States
Brave ſeat of warre, where many broken pates
Are got and giv'n, and for his wants ſupply
The good ſtrong towne of Fluſhing ſtood faſt by,
Where Sr John Norrice did command in chiefe
For England's glory and the States reliefe.
This tickled *Jones* with joy; for Horace Vere,
Norrice, and hee had been (I know not where)

† The ſame in Welch.

Comrades in armes, ere *Jones* did entertaine
That croſſe deſigne with Cumberland for Spaine.
But now a bed does well, to take ſome reſt
Where this good hoſt directs his weary gueſt.
And having ſlept his fill, he timely roſe,
Takes a moſt thankfull leave, and on he goes.
His purpoſe is to take his paſſage over
At the next Port he finds: from thence to Dover.
But firſt at Fluſhing he reſolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave Norrice holds his troop; Here *Jones* arrives,
Juſt as he came from Jaile, except his Gives,
Clad in his ſlaviſh robe of Fryers gray,
His cap true blew; no company, but they
Rowſie. That will not leave him whil'ſt he hath a ragge,
Such as poſſeſſe the Begger with his bagge.
Winds, ſtorms, nor ſeas, nor ought that could undoe him,
Could make thẽ flinch, like friends they ſtick cloſe to him.
And thus accompanied he doth approach
To th' Generall's houſe, neither with ſteed nor coach;
But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time
When Norrice with his Chiefes were ſet to dine.
Jones preſſeth to the Parler from the Hall,
And there accoaſts the noble Generall.
Who ey'd him quickly, and cryes out (ô fate!)
Live I to ſee the ſtrength of England's State?
Breath'ſt thou brave man at armes? *Jones* art thou he?
Or is it Mars himſelfe diſguiſ'd like thee?
Quoth *Jones*, The ſcourge of Spaniards and of Spaine,
Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their paine,
Stands here, and yet would breath ſome few years longer,
To prove King Philip or my ſelfe the ſtronger.

The

The reſt was deare imbraces, and his place
By Norrice ſide; and then a haſty grace.
Now might I dwell upon the luſcious cheare,
Which here grew cold, whil'ſt each mans eye and eare
Fed on the perſon and diſcourſe of *Jones*,
And quite forgot their toaſts and marrow bones.
And whilſt his ſtrange adventures paſt, he tels;
The Captaines, Serjant majors, Collonels
Faſt to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
Here mark his conſtancy, beyond theſe men,
He eats and talkes, and eats and talkes agen.
Their mawes are cloy'd to heare thoſe deeds of his,
His ſtories are his meales Parentheſis.
But when he ſpoke of Spaine, 'tis paſt beleefe,
What fearefull wounds he gave the chine of beefe.
A capon garniſh'd with ſlic'd lemmons ſtood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
And made it legleſſe ere he made a pauſe,
Meerly in malice to the Spaniſh ſawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every diſh that's nigh him,
And ſpoil'd a cuſtard that ſtood trembling by him;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty diſh,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fiſh.
At laſt his fury 'gan to be aſſwag'd,
And then the Generall all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowſe
Of luſty Rheniſh, till both men and houſe
Turne round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To worke his fall, with hideous ſeas and wind:
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to taske;
And layes ſore to him with his potent caske.

And whileſt with luſty grape ore-born *Jones* reeles,
H'aſſaults his head, and ſo trips up his heels.
But up he roſe againe with vigor ſtout,
And ſweares though foil'd, hee'l try an other bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonell Skink
Fills a huge bowl of ſherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Jones* is he
Muſt take't in pledge; and ſo he did: but ſee
The ſtrange antipathy between this man
And Spaniſh grape, as well as Spaniſh Don.
Againſt them both his ſtomach fierce doth riſe,
No ſooner drunke but up again it flies.
This odde diſtemper made him halfe aſham'd,
But there's no helpe, he was with wrath inflam'd.
Nor was he pleaſ'd with Skink for this affront,
(For ſo he took't) he knew Skink could not want
The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in Sack,
Unleſſe it were to lay him on his back?
Fir'd with this thought, he catch'd at his buffe coat,
Then grapples cloſe; and had pluck'd out his throat,
But that the wary Generall interpoſes
His hands and friends betweene their bloudy noſes:
And with ſtrong reaſons, ſmiles, and ſmooth allayes,
He dampes the fury of theſe fiery boyes:
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th'effect he found he was beguil'd.
The night diſpers'd them now to ſeverall wayes,
As they were quarter'd. *Jones* with Norrice ſtayes,
Who ſent him the next morne a brave rich ſute
Intended for himſelfe, with all things too't.
Scant was he dreſſ'd, when Skink unto him ſends
A Captaine, boldly to demand amends.

For

For laſt nights worke, and *Jones* to doe him right,
A bullet muſt exchange in ſingle fight.
For which himſelfe and Second would not miſſe,
Where *Jones* deſign'd to meet with him and his.
This *Jones* accepts; and ſweares before that night
He ſhall heare from him, how and where hee'l fight.
He thus diſpatch'd; Sr Roger Williams enters,
To whom much kind diſcourſe paſt ore; he venters
To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sr Roger like a Britaine true and bold,
Proteſts himſelfe his Second, haſts to Skink,
Tells him, h'had need fight well, as wellas drink:
That *Jones* and he at the South-poſterne gate
Early next morne would meet him and his mate,
With ſword and piſtoll hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or *Jones* and he.
Then comes to *Jones*, ſupply'd him with a horſe
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that ſword and belt
Which Prince Llwellin wore when ſlaine neere Bealt.
The houre come, theſe champions ſoone appeare,
They ſpend no time in words; in full careere,
Jones charges bravely cloſe up to his breſt,
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the beſt:
Makes him through haſt forget to prime his pan,
So miſt his ſhot, and ſo preſerv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worſe then the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His piſtoll at his face; 'twas aim'd ſo neere,
It raz'd his cheeke, and tooke quite off his eare.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the bow of *Jones* his ſaddle,
And ſlightly circumciſ'd his foremans noddle.

The Prince of South-Wales, who was ſlain neere Bealt a towne in Brecknock-Shire.

The Seconds ſtood attending the event
Of this firſt charge, both reſolutely bent,
If either in th'incounter had been ſped,
To run the ſame adventure they both did.
But when they ſaw the bravery of their fight,
Both having loſt their bloud, the quarell ſlight:
They both deteſt ſuch men ſhould be deſtroy'd
By which their countrie ſhould be fore annoy'd:
With joynt conſent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and breake off the fight:
Thus got between them, all beſt meanes they uſe
To take it up: which both inrag'd refuſe.
They urge the equall terms on which they ſtood,
In point of honour: both had loſt their bloud,
Both fought it well; how light their quarels ground,
Not worth one drop of bloud, much leſſe a wound.
Then bid them looke on theire dear countries woe,
Whoſe breſts muſt ſuffer for the ill they doe.
Reaſon takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And miſchiefes engin reſts: they ſheath the ſword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duell ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now returne good friends:
Their Surgions ſtanch their bloud, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.
This newes comes quickly to the Generals eare
Who when he heard their lives were out of feare,
He gently chides them that they would expoſe
Their limbs unto the various chance of blowes
In ſingle duell, when the common good
No longer ſtands then ſuch good members ſtood.
Ten dayes are ſpent ere *Jones* could ſtand upright
Through his ſlight hurt: which come, the noble Knight

Brave

Brave Norrice he takes leave of, with the reſt
Of that brave martiall crew, and then addreſt
Himſelfe for England: Ioy thou happy Iſle,
Thy Sonne returns, that hath kept all this quoile;
Ye bluſtring boyes of Britain feaſt and quaffe all:
The man's at hand whoſe preſence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great ſonne of Mavors,
So ſpake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horſe,
Mounted to meet him with his reverent train,
All gownd, who cry him welcome home from Spaine.
After ſome ſhort repaſt, on poſt he rides
To Non-ſuch where her Majeſtie reſides,
Where he was ſoon brought up, to kiſſe her hand,
By his deare friend George Earle of Cumberland.
But then when tooke to private conference,
What newes of moment, what intelligence,
What Spaniſh plots, what myſteries of State,
Unto her Majeſtie he did relate,
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon Reader that I doe not ſhow it.
But 'twas obſerv'd he gave a written booke
Unto her hand: on which ſhe daign'd to look,
And ſeem'd to ſlight it in the publique face
Of Court; yet made ſome uſe of't in a place
That's privy, ſo diſmiſt him to his reſt
Or her Courts welcome; as to him ſeem'd beſt.
'Twas now the time when * Eſſex was ingag'd
In Ireland 'gainſt Tyrone, with whom he wag'd
A bloudy warre: which to the Queen and State
Seem'd long and coſtly: after much debate
It is reſolv'd to pick out ſuch a man,
Whoſe active force and ſpirit dares and can

* Robert Earle of Eſſex.

Put

Put a full period to this warre at once,
Without delay, and this was Captain *Jones*,
On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vaine
To get ſome ſmall command to conquer Spaine.
'Tis firſt reſolv'd, he muſt reduce Tyrone,
Till that be done he muſt let Spaine alone.
Thus his Commiſſion's ſeald to raiſe his force,
A compleat regiment of Britiſh horſe:
Hee's thence to waft them ore the Iriſh brine;
And then his force with noble Eſſex joine.
Jones loſt no time, goes in five dayes to Wales:
Shews his commiſſion, tel's them glorious tales;
He need not beat a drum or ſound his trumpet,
His name's enough to make theſe Brittons jump at
This brave imployment under ſuch a Chief,
Whoſe fame's reſerve enough for their relief.
Perplext he was in chooſing his commanders,
For he ſtill fancied beſt his old Highlanders;
But many worthies of the lower parts
Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
But all reſpects put by, h'inliſteth ten
Of his old gang, all hard bred mountain men,
For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reeſe,
And Tom Dee Bacgh, a fierce Rat at green cheeſe,
Llewelling Reeſe ap David, Watkin Jenkin,
With Howell Reeſe ap Robert, and young Philkin;
Theſe for his guard, his Officers in chief
Lieutenant Collonell Craddock, a ſtout theif,
With Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
Well known for plundring many a cow and nag,

Cap-

Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty
Whoſe word in's coulors was, *TE ROGVES have at ye;*
Griffith ap Reeſe ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin,
Reeſe David Shone ap Ruthero ap William,
With many more whoſe names 'twere long to writ,
The reſt their acts will get them names in ſight,
We muſt conceive they all were men of fame
For here we ſee them all men of great name.
Jones with theſe blades advanceth to the * Dale,
There lines himſelfe and them with noble Ale
Of ſuch antiquity as hath not been there
The like ſince * Robert of the Vale was ſeen there
Who uſ'd to ſink thoſe kinterkins of merit,
To raiſe the heat of his prophetick ſpirit.
His forces ſhipt, at laſt a board he goes,
A luſty South-eaſt gale ſo fairely blowes,
That forty houres eaſily brought him in
To Dubline Harber where he ſands his men,
There getting knowledge where the Army lay
To the Lord Generall he takes his way
From whom a noble welcome he receives,
And good freſh quarter to his troops he gives.
Jones firſt informs himſelfe in what condition
Tyron's made up for warre, what ammunition,
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victualled, all occaſion he doth catch
To take him tripping; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take an equall ground,
To hazard battell, he reſolves to try him
In ſuch a way as he ſhould not deny him,
Unleſſe with loſſe of honour; he indites
This fearefull challenge which his ſquire writes:

* A little village by Milford.

* An old Welſh prophet who foretold the landing of Henry the ſeventh there.

Falſe traitor to thy country and thy Queen,
I he who yet my peer have never ſeen
In feats of arms, whoſe martiall hand hath ſlain
Kings with their armies, halfe unpeopl'd Spain:
Done more then I can write; I ſay, I he
Urge thee to ſingle duel: and to thee
Give the free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horſ-back: think it no diſgrace,
That I a private captain, thou a Chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
Call thee to queſtion, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by ſuch a one,
T'augment my praiſe I wiſh thee five times ſtronger.
Live till I meet thee: and but little longer.
This done, a Herald is ſtraight charged with it,
In publique to Tyron's owne hand to give it,
Who to him haſt's, and in the publique view
Of all his Armie ſays, (Tyrone) to you
I have command to bring from captain *Jones*
This challenge; read it, and reſolve at once.
He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,
That ſends him this high Brave, who if he can
But halfe he writes, he counts himſelfe but loſt,
To meet him; yet in ſight of all his hoſt
This brave was giv'n him: thus his honour lyes
At ſtake, and therefore deſperately replyes.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blowes, he ſhall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with ſhot,
Nor head ſteel'd dart: this ſword I weare ſhall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horſe but foot to foot.

He

He thus diſpatcht, Tyrone doth ſtraight ſeek out,
Brian Mac-kilkow, a ſtrong ſturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone ſo mighty,
He felt no burthen were it nere ſo weighty.
The ſtrongeſt man in all his camp by halfe,
Milo's great Bull to him was but a calfe,
Bred in the Iriſh wildes 'mongſt bogs and woods,
And like an outlaw liv'd on others goods.
And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To perſonate himſelfe in fight betwixt
Him and our *Jones*, true armes of largeſt ſize,
He donns on him, then to his loynes he tyes
Morglay his truſty ſword, then ſwears devoutly,
If in this combate he behave him ſtoutly.
Hee'l raiſe his meanes above two Engliſh Barons
In lands and ſheep and cowes and luſty garrons:
Bryan's all confidence and haſtens thither
Where *Jones* and he muſt try their force together,
The place deſign'd was hardly twelve yards ſquare,
No traverſing of ground, no boyes play there,
The reſt was bog, ore which ſome plankes were lai'd
To paſſe them ore: and then to ſtop all aid,
Were took from thence: here *Jones* our valiant fighter
Advanceth firſt: Bryan with his fell ſmiter
Is hard at hand, they ſpare no time for words,
Their mettle is the whet-ſtone of their ſwords.
They clap togeher like two ſonnes of thunder, (der
Their blads ſtruck lightening, whilſt the earth quak't un-
The burthen ſhe boare; no ſtroke that's given, but death
Seems to attend it, till both out of breath
Conſent to make a ſtand, but this ſhort reſt
Was like a ſallet with a muttens breſt

To their ſharp ſtomacks, to't they goe again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well tri'd armes doe bluſh with their own bloud
To find their fleſh in whoſe defence they ſtood,
Stand, whil'ſt it fell: for that their keen ſwords whipt off
As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At laſt as I have ſeen a Man of war
Aſſault a carrick which exceeds him far,
In bulk and ſtrength: ſo *Jones* deales now with Bryan,
With ſhunn's and ſhifts, more like a Fox then Lion.
For (to ſpeak truly) this fell Pagan lout
Doth ſo belabour *Jones* from head to foot,
That both his eares doe oft with ſorrow ſing
And's eyes ſee Starres at noon: (a wondrous thing)
We muſt conceive thoſe furious blowes he dealt
Were well repaid with uſe, which Bryan felt.
But *Jones* eſteeming it an equall thing
To be ſelfe conquer'd and long conquering,
Reſolves to put the buſineſſe out of doubt
With one Paſſe more, which was the fatall bout.
On this Reſolve, with both his hands he preſt,
The pummell of his ſword againſt his breſt
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts ſwiftly at him:
With th'feare of this, Bryan had quite forgot him.
That 'twas a bog behind, ſo backward ſprings,
And his whole body up to th'arm pits flings,
Amid'ſt the bog. *Jones* driv'n with his owne force
Miſſing his thruſt falles headlong in the gorſe
But pitch't upon his foe, by happy fate
With which ore boren, our *Jones* ſo mawles his pate,
That th'helmet flyes, and leaves his head to th'danger,
Of being the anvill of our *Jones* his anger:

And

And now the day is his, his ſtrength he ſtraines
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryan's braines:
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yeeld
My ſelfe and ſword, the honour of the field.
And where the power reſts, 'tis much better far
To give then take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth coole the wrath of *Jones*,
He ſpares his life and drawes him forth atonce.
Beſides he ſcorn'd poſterity ſhould tell,
That by his hand Tyrone ſo nobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought,)
In this foule plight unto the camp he brought.:
Preſents him to the Generall, and then ſpake,
Sir if you have ten more Tyrones to take,
Command, I'le doe't; here ſee him hither led
By me, who all this charge and ſtirre hath bred.
The joy was great, but ſhort; 'twas quicly known,
This was but ſome impoſtor for Tyrone:
And this an Iriſh Captive at firſt view
Made knowne, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualme in ſome, whil'ſt others ſmil'd
To ſee their Britiſh Champions ſo beguil'd,
And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaneer.
Jones vext with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, deſperate, malecontent.
Three dayes thus ſpent, his wrath no longer beares
This baſe affront; (like Scævola) he ſweares
Hee'l kill Tyrone in midſt of all his force,
Though in the act himſelfe be made a coarce:
In this wild mood by night he doth convey
Himſelfe where he ſuppoſ'd the Rebell lay:

Scævola againſt Porſenna in Livie.

Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before,
March'd farre through desert woods, and would no more
Of these affronts; which to put off agen
Might breed contempt of him with his owne men.
Two dayes *Jones* spends in quest to find him out;
At last he was incountred with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
Assail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.
'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs
Had been so bold to shake him by the logges:
But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.
The first good blow he dealt took off a head,
The second made one two; the next he sped
With a sore thrust at mouth and out at taile:
A fourth which his posteriors doth assaile,
With his strong heel he hurles against a tree
Twelve paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
His sword rips out anothers empty paunch;
The next limps off from him with halfe a haunch.
We must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
For here were those that fought to eat, not rout him.
Nor skap'd he free, the rich sword-skarfe he wore
About his loynes, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluck'd off by bits, some flesh to boot,
No quarter free from skars from head to foot.
And (to conclude) from these wild Irish witches
He scapes scant with a hands breadth of his breeches.
Wearied with blowes and kicks, at last they fly him,
And take a snarling leave as they goe by him.
Thus *Jones* halfe worried, hasts unto the camp;
There's none could say the clothes he wore were damp

Lupanthropos. Witches that take shapes of wolves upon them in Ireland.

With

With night perdues, unleſſe they meant to flout him;
For (to ſpeake truth) he had no clothes about him.
Thus come; he ſweares by the immortall Powers,
He had maintain'd a battell full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kil'd, diuels.
Routed the reſt; who all had tooke the field
'Gainſt him alone; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his deſtruction, or t'eclipſe his might,
By that old timerous treacherous kerne Tyrone,
Who durſt as well meet Death as him alone.
The plight our *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt
But he had had at leſt a diveliſh bout,
If not with Devils; on him each man ſeeth
The fearfull characters of nailes and teeth.
We may not ſtand to ſhew what Eſſex's ſenſe
Was on theſe actions, nor the conſequence
They did import: the progreſſe of this ſtory,
Haſtens our Muſe to *Jones* his further glory.
Fame theſe atchievements brings to Englands State;
Which held the Queene and Councell in debate
About this man; and all at laſt ſuppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expoſ'd
To the cloſe dangerous plots of ſuch a foe
Who neither values faith nor honour, ſo
His miſchiefs take ſucceſſe: and thus the State
Loſe this deare Himme, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into *Jones* his ſpirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his owne merit,
Hold it not ſafe he ſhould be open to
The windy baits of that ſo ſubtle foe,
To gaine him to his part; whoſe haughty mind
Would ſoone take fire; then could not be confin'd.

And

And if by ſuch a plot they ſhould be croſt,
They all conclude that Kingdome were but loſt.
Theſe grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there; ſo on ſome grand deſigne
Pretended, they invite his quick repaire
To Englands Court to act this great affaire.
He comes, but leaves his Britiſh troopes to fight
Tyrone to death; whoſe acts who pleaſe to write,
May meet with ſubjects brave to rant upon,
But for my ſelfe I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus tranſported from the Iriſh ſtrands,
A Towne and Port in the County of Cardigan. At Aberuſt with a Welch Port he lands;
Where ere two dayes he fully ſpent for reſt,
A goodly veſſell with croſſe windes oppreſt,
Comes boyling in; *Jones* by her colours knowes
She is of Spaine: his colour comes and goes
At ſight of hers; that ſuch a goodly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He muſters ſtraight a troop of Britiſh lads,
Who on their mountain-geldings clap their pads;
With ruſty bils in ſteed of Staves in reſt;
Such were their horſe, ſuch were their armes at beſt.
Then with a fowling peece the ſhip they haile,
With confidence that ſhee would ſtraight ſtrike ſaile:
But ſhe makes anſwer, that ſhe was too hot,
From her broad ſide with twenty culverin ſhot.
This ſtruck a ſtand, till *Jones* cry'd out, what doubt ye?
The day is ours, maſters lay about ye,
Lead the forlorne up bravely, and be bold,
I'le bring the reare, for they know me of old,
If once my name or perſon they deſcry,
My life for yours they'l either yeeld or fly.

Made

Made bold with this, in full careere they ride
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.
But when they came breſt-high amongſt the waves,
Their horſe more wiſe by halfe then theſe mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billowes, turne their tailes,
And make a faire retreat from ſea and ſailes;
Which leſt it ſhould ſeeme done on termes of feare,
Jones to the front now haſtens from the reare,
And leades them back again in good array,
Neither with haſty flight nor much delay.
At his returne he ſearcheth all that coaſt,
To find a herring boat or two at moſt;
With which he doubts not but hee'l ſinke or take
This luſty ſhip; whoſe braveſt men will quake
To heare his name. But Fate that had decreed
To ſave her, cauſ'd her hoyſe her ſayles with ſpeed:
So with a ſtrong fore wind away ſhe flyes,
And leaves our *Jones* to ſeeke ſome other prize.
Thus croſt in this deſigne to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement;
And from the Queen ſuch grace he doth receive,
As he deſerv'd and ſtood with her to give.
Now for the great affaire that call'd him back,
The Lords muſt pump for't in a cup of Sack
To help invention: *Jones* muſt be preferr'd
To ſome imployment, be it nere ſo hard.
In deep conſult and long diſcourſe they ſat on't,
And ſtudied for't; at laſt they lighted pat on't.
It is reſolv'd, that he muſt be the man
To goe in ambaſſy to Preſter John.
The buſineſſe carried with't a glorious face;
Employ'd ambaſſador unto his Grace.

The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him moſt to get his name more note
In forain Lands; hee'l not refuſe the work,
Were't to the Great Magul or the Great Turk.
A luſty Ship's prepar'd, againe he goes;
But what this great imployment was, who knowes?
Reader I know thy thoughts are ſtrongly bent
To know this great deſigne, on which he went.
But know this firſt, that Princes ſecret wayes,
Are ſuch as Ships cut thorow deepeſt Seas,
Which ſhut ſtill as they ope, and him that ſounds
And enters too far in, their deepneſſe drownes.
If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely; harmeleſſe thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high blown ſpirit now is ſent
To forain aire, where it may purge and vent,
And ſo returne more fit the State to ſerve,
In their commands, who yet muſt him obſerve.
Perhaps he went this Prieſtly Prince to gaine
Unto our Church; who gave good proofe in Spaine
Of's power in this; or to negotiate
Commerce betweene the Æthiop and our State,
For tuskes of Elephants to haft our knives,
Apes and Baboones and Pugges to pleaſe our wives;
Which things ſatiety makes common there,
And curioſity orepriſeth here.
Be't what it will, our *Jones* is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make ſomething on't.
His treacherous friend the Sea his charge receives,
And with ſome flattering gales his hopes deceives,
Making the Land his firmer friend appeare
Still leſſe; untill at laſt it brought him where

He loſt her ſight: for three months time he makes
Good way; at laſt the wind his wings forſakes,
The Ship's becalm'd, and to the Port ſhe ſeekes,
Shee gaines not halfe a league for thirteene weekes.
Jones finds this lazie warre offends him more,
Then all thoſe hideous ſtormes out-rid before.
Theſe ſad effects this ſleepy calme attend;
Victuall and beverage ſpent; leſſe hope of end.
Then feare of further miſeries enſues,
The Sea with calmes his patience doth abuſe,
Turnes diveliſh Stateſ-man, puts on a ſmooth face,
Salutes and kils them with a ſoft imbrace.
'Twas now farre worſe with *Jones* then erſt with Skink;
For three weekes his owne urine is his drink,
Which his hot body had ſo oft ſublim'd,
'Tis grow'n a cordiall, like gold thrice calcin'd.
Breeſes of wind at laſt his ſailes diſplay,
And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
His boiſterous charge in *Mare rubrum*'s waves.
And laſtly he attaines beyond all hope,
Errocco the ſole Port of Æthiope:
And here he lands, and empties many a bowle
To allay the fury of his thirſty ſoule.
After ſome reſt he gets intelligence,
Where 'twas the Prince then kept his reſidence;
Where he repaires, and's told when he comes thither,
The Prince and towne are both remov'd together
Some ten miles off. The Prince and town? (quoth *Jones*)
I have met my match: here's people make no bones
Of thinges beyond beleefe. And yet 'twas true;
This towne was tents which fifty thouſand drew,

And rais'd in th'inſtant whereſoere the Prince
Sate downe to ſport, or ſhew magnificence.
By Mount Amara now his Court he reares;
A Mount far differing from the name it beares:
If Paradiſe had ere a ſecond birth
Below the ſeat of Saints, 'tis there on earth.
An humble valley is the Garden where
This Mount is rais'd; a vale ſo rich, ſo rare;
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot;
And ſtriving to be quaint, ſhe quite forgot
To keep reſerves: for by this worke we know,
Shee made it ſuch ſhe could make no more ſo.
Amidſt this vale is rais'd this lofty ſtructure,
Five leagues upright. It's outſides architecture
Unpoliſh'd Marble; but ſo rich, ſo faire,
You'd think't a pillar of one ſtone in th'aire,
By ſome high power unto Atlas given,
To eaſe his ſhoulders whil'ſt it proppeth Heaven.
This goodly Mount a ſpecious plaine doth crowne,
Imboſt with Natures gemmes, a velvet down
That's alwayes greene; no froſt, no winter here,
Continuall Spring: here Phœbus all the yeare
From riſe to ſet, doth alwayes fire his eye,
As loath to put ſo faire an object by.
Here grow thoſe happy trees from whence there ſprings
That precious oyle, which erſt anointed Kings,
And ſacred Prieſts. Nor croud they here to take
One ſenſe alone; the ſent and ſight partake.
So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As ſweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
No orchard here, nor garden but the plaine;
The choiſeſt fruit all Europe doth containe,

Read Purchas in his relations of Æthiopia, touching this Mount.

fixt

Grow

Grow here unplanted, here's the luſcious Grape,
That makes Joves Nectar: 'twas not Helens rape
That ruin'd Troy: the * Apple got from hence,
Had worth enough to do't. Here every ſenſe
Would ſurfet, but each objects rarity
Gives appetite without ſatiety:
Roſes and Tulips Flora gathers here
When we have none, to crown her golden hair,
And here Medea pickt (if *Jones* ſpeak truth)
Thoſe herbs which turnd antiquity to youth:
The only Phœnix deignes to wether here,
The only place like her without a peer:
Leſt all theſe ſweets ſhould want ſweet harmony,
A numerous quire of nightingales, comply
To warble forth the ſweet Amara's praiſe,
Who turnes their mourning notes to merry layes.
Amidſt this plaine there glides a ſilver brook,
So gently, that the ſuttleſt eye may look,
And finde no motion; on his violet banks
Thick Cipres trees marſhall themſelves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus: whoſe enamor'd beames,
Peep through each little crink to view his ſtreames:
His pavement azure gravell intermixt
With orient pearls and diamonds betwixt,
Which as the aires ſoft breath his ſurface purles,
Vary their gloſſe, and twinkle through his curles:
Like a ſteel'd glaſſe preſenting to the eye,
The ſpangled beauty of the ſtarry skye.
Here Dolphins leave the ſea to wanton; here
Carps ſince the deluge their grown bodies cheer:
Umbrana's too; ſuch had * Vitellius known,
A province ſhould have gone to purchace one:

* The Apple which three goddeſſes Juno, Pallas and Venus, contended for, which was given by Paris to Venus whereupon followed the deſtruction of Troy.

* A great epicure & Emperor of Rome.

Such is Amara, such is Tempe-field,
Elysium on earth unparaleld.
'Twas here this royall Priest now kept his Court,
A place well suting with his fame and port.
And here comes *Jones*, where having made's addresse,
Letters of credence given at his accesse
In Latine writ: in the same tongue he gives
Jones gratious words, which language *Jones* conceives
To be Arabick, for the Latine tongue
He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young,
But that's all one, ther's no reply expected.
Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
By men of State, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.
Some few dayes spent and time for audience got,
When Prester John in royall State was set;
Jones studying how t'expresse his eloquence
In some strange language which might pose the Prince,
Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welsh oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sense
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned Linguists are cal'd in to heare,
Who might aswell have stopt each others eare
For ought they understood, and all protest
It was the very language of the Beast.
Jones hath his end, and then to make it known
He had more tongues t'expresse himselfe then one;
In a new tone he speaks, not halfe so rich,
But better known, 'twas English; unto which
An English Factor is interpreter
Between our Captain and John Presbyter;

His

His buſineſſe takes effect (what ere it was)
And great expreſſes of reſpect doe paſſe
To *Jones* from him, as one he thought moſt rich
In unknown tongues expreſt in his firſt ſpeech,
And ſo admires him for he knowes not what:
But *Jones* may thanke his mother-tongue for that.
His buſineſſe done hee's led for recreation,
To take the pleaſures of that pleaſant nation,
To mount Amara's top, the chiefeſt grace,
And perfect beauty of that kingdoms face;
And finding his great heart was moſt inclin'd
To martiall feats, all in one motion joyn'd
T'invite him to their deſerts, where he might
Make triall of his force in manly fight,
With their wild beaſts, and promis'd him conſorts
All truly try'd t'aſſiſt him in thoſe ſports.
The motion takes, a brave accoutred horſe,
And his owne armes, he and's aſſociate force
Advance to hunt; me thinkes I ſee them all
Drawn to the life in canvaſſe * 'gainſt the wall,
In ſome mean houſe made for good-fellowſhip,
How fierce they looke, how brave they prance and skip;
With hounds and horns, and bills and pikes and glaves,
And ſpeares and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:
In this brave equipage they march away
To the known haunts where theſe wilde creatures pray.
'Twas *Jones* his trick of old to ride alone:
In hard adventures hee'l admit of none
To ſhare with him, from them he ſteales aſide,
And in the deſert by himſelfe doth ride.
Nor rode he long till juſt againſt him ſtalkes
A ramping Lion new come from his walkes,

* painted cloths in Inns and victualling houſes.

Jones

Jones drawes, the furious beaſt with fiery eyes
And briſtled mane, againſt his boſome flies,
But his keen ſword met full with his fore pawes,
And whipt them off; and ſo he ſcap't his clawes.
Nor ſtai'd it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fel'd him to the ground.
Then nimbly wheels abont, and ſtept aſide,
Leaps from his horſe which to a tree he tyde:
Then turns again and with his ſword falls to't,
To end this combat with him foot to foot.
The wounded beaſt with all his power doth haſten,
His fearfull fangs in *Jones* his throat to faſten.
Whilſt on's hin feet he aſſaults him bolt upright,
With left hand arm'd, *Jones* ſtunnes him, with the right;
Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his ſtumps
The noble beaſt unconquered fiercely jumps
Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
(For his grim face could raiſe in *Jones* no feare)
In ſhoots the deadly blade, and out behinde,
Where't makes a ſecond vent for lifes ſhort winde;
This thruſt with right hand arm'd ſo home was lent
That hand and hilt quite throw together went,
Where taking hold of his ſtrong ſtern (for truth
He ſwares) he drew't quite through his trunck t'his mouth
Then with fine force (the like was never ſeen)
He ſtrips his inſide out, and 's outſide in.
Thus tergiverſt upon his ſteed he flings him,
Then mounts himſelfe, and to the Court he brings him.
Never was royall beaſt ſo groſly jaded,
But 'twas his fate which could not be eyaded,
Unto the gallants of the Court he ſhewes,
How hard th'adventure was, what thruſts, what blowes;

On

On every circumſtance he doth dilate;
Nor addes he much to truth, nor much doth 'bate:
For much he ſpoke, the Lion made it good
With loſſe of his foure legs, and his beſt bloud.
This ſtrange atchievement ſtrikes them all with wonder;
'Twas never ſeen ſince Greeces Alexander.
Lyſimachus, Liſander, nor Perdicas,
Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as
Our *Jones* in this: 'Tis true, they write they kill'd,
In ſingle fight ſome few of theſe in field;
But here's a force born with a higher ſaile,
Tranſtorting tayle to head, and head to tayle.
The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:
But inward feare and jealouſy it rais'd
Of our brave Queen, whoſe ſcepter doth command
Such men whoſe power no Nation can withſtand.
Jones might ſo far on his owne ſtrength preſume, as
To ſeiſe his throne, as * Cortez Montezeuma's
Had done before. Theſe thoughts he oft revolves
With troubled mind, and ſo in fine reſolves
To ſhift him thence: makes for his faire pretence,
Matter of high and haſty conſequence,
To be with ſpeed convey'd unto our Queen;
Except her ſelfe it muſt by none be ſeen.
This paſt on *Jones*, who parts with high content,
Nobly preſented with faire complement.
Amongſt the reſt, a Parrot that could ſpeak
All tongues but *Jones* his own; that had a beak
Of perfect corall, plum'd as white as ſnow:
This he accepts, and ſo to Sea does goe.
Where under ſaile ſuch welcome he receives,
As one dire foe unto another gives.

Read Curtius, touching theſe.

* A private Spaniſh Commander, that took this great King of Mexico with a handfull of men.

With calmes, and ſtormes, and winds, all croſſe, that bear
The ſhip quite off the courſe that ſhe would ſteer.
Long time thus ſpent, into a Bay he drives,
And at a Port unknown at laſt arrives:
Where he beholds a glorious Caſtle built
High on a cliffe, whoſe walles pure gold, or guilt
To him appear'd. Which object cauſ'd him land,
To know who did this Princely ſeat command.
He's told it is the Queen of No-lands place,
The onely relict of her royall race,
A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
Where many Kings and Princes of high port
Make their addreſſe, and loſe themſelves in love,
To purchaſe hers, for not a man can move
Her heart to wed, though nere ſo great his ſtate,
Or form exact, ſuch was the will of Fate.
Here as he lands, a large Cannow was ſent
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
In this a Dutchman came by happy Fate,
Who could his Language to the Queen tranſlate.
This man he tels as briefly as he can,
His voyage from his Queen to Preſter John:
How by croſſe winds in his return he's blow'n,
And forc'd into this Port to him unknown.
Jones is reſolv'd to ſee and to be ſeen
Of this great Princeſſe, that our virgin-Queen
Might know when he returns what form, what port
This royall Virgin carried in her Court.
Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
All maſſie poliſh'd braſſe; at this firſt ward,
Six milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.

Thence

Thence through a large great ſpecious Court he paſt,
And ſo aſcends twelve ivory ſteps at laſt,
With ebon columnes, unto which were tide
Twelve ſharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide
When ſtrangers doe approach. *Jones* through them all
Is ſafely guarded to a goodly Hall.
From thence aſcends to roomes of greater ſtate,
And comes at laſt where this Princeſſe royall ſate
Upon a ſtrange rich bed, not ſtuff'd with down,
But cloſely wrought, and like a bladder blow'n;
Three Æthiops on each ſide, to fanne the air
With Oſtridge plumes perfum'd as rich as faire.
Her beauty could not boaſt of white and red,
But jet-like black; about her criſp curl'd head
And cheekes, there hang rich flaming ſtones and pearls,
That paſt Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.
In briefe; if Tuſcan liv'd to limne the night
Sparkling with ſtarres, this were her picture right.
No ſooner to her ſight doth *Jones* appear,
Then to her heart his piercing eyes ſhot fire;
Which Cupid blowes and rais'd into a flame,
That warmes her zeale to invocate his name.
No part of *Jones* but in her eye exceeds
All humane ſhape; ſome god he muſt be needs.
But when at her requeſt he doth relate
The chances of his paſt and preſent ſtate;
Never was eare with Orpheus harp poſſeſt
As hers with *Jones*, whil'ſt he his life expreſt.
Thoſe that have warm'd themſelves by theſe ſtrong fires,
May eas'ly gueſſe what fruits her wild deſires
Produc'd to *Jones*; The obſervance of the Court,
With feaſts and banquets, and all Princely ſport,

Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wiſh
That meat he likes, but ſtraight 'tis in his diſh.
In this high ſtate ſome months he takes his eaſe,
Whil'ſt this ſick Princeſſe feeds on her diſeaſe:
At laſt a ſharp alarm damps theſe deſires,
Which threatned death, but could not quench her fires.
A Prince there was mighty in bulk and mind,
Whoſe Kingdoms confines unto No-land joyn'd:
Deſcended in his race from Og of Baſan;
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h'had been
A long hot ſuter to this mighty Queen,
But ſtill repuls'd: now this unruly fire
Suppreſt with ſcorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
A mighty hoaſt he rays'd, and marcheth through
The heart of No-land, to command, not wooe:
Approaching neer her Court, he ſends her word
She muſt be his owne Queen at bed and board,
Or ſee her Kingdome burn in higher flames,
Then his for her: yet (for his ſpirit ſhames
To warre with women) if ſhe can find out
One man in all her Realm, that is ſo ſtout
In her defence with him his ſword to try,
Hee'l bravely win her, or hee'l bravely dye.
Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force
Could not be parallel'd by man nor horſe.
Nor could it chuſe but make the Queen look black,
Not pale. Th'interpreter at *Jones* his back
Rounds in his eare this proud imperious ſpeech;
Had ſhe been thence, h'had bid him kiſſe his breech
For this proud meſſage: up howere he ſtarts,
And this loud anſwer with his mouth he farts;

Go-

Goe tell Bahader Cham Mombaza's King,
One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling
With him ere night, that one who at one breath
Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,
Will looke him dead; nor will I only be
This Princeſſe champion, but (thy Cham to ſee)
I'le walke through beds of Scorpions: for I hear
He dares enough, and I can brooke no peer.
This high reply nere mov'd the haughty Cham,
Let *Jones* be what he will hee's ſtill the ſame.
The day's his owne before the fight's begun:
Were Mars himſelfe in ſteed of Mars his ſon.
A back and breſt and helmet ſtrong he dond,
Well wrought and varniſh'd by ſome Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of ſpeciall ſtrength,
With arrowes barb'd, at leaſt two yards in length:
A crooked Scimiter whoſe edge was flint,
Queintly conjoyn'd and ſome tough ſpell was in't,
To make it proof againſt the ſtrength of ſteel.
Oft had this ſword made head-ſtrong Giants reel.
By his right ſide a maſſie Mace he hangs,
With which his ſturdy foes to death he bangs.
A buckler like a Spaniſh ruffe he wore
About his neck, full halfe yard deep, or more:
He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
But to keep off his urine from his face.
For you muſt know that member was ſtill mounted:
The braveſt womans man on earth accounted.
And thus prepar'd, this luſty Termagant,
Aſcends his caſtle on his Elephant.
And then advanceth to a ſpacious Green,
Before the caſtle of this maiden Queen.

A brave Arabian courſer is prepar'd
For *Jones*, his owne true armes he dons for gard,
Llwellins ſword to doe, and ſo deſcends
Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.
Jones was to ſeek what kind of fight were beſt,
To make againſt this Giant and his beaſt.
Both farre exceed in ſtrength himſelfe and horſe,
And therefore art muſt now be joyn'd with force:
No breſt to breſt, a nimble charge, and gon.
His ready ſteed as ſoon comes off as on.
Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
The Chams ſmart whale bone bow had made him rue
This bold attempt: but what can whales weak bones,
When whales themſelves came ſhort to ſwallow *Jones*?
Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off cleere,
At laſt he came cloſe up in full career,
And turning ſhort, the horſes hind feet ſlipt:
Through which miſchance the Carry-caſtle ript
His bowels forth, with's tusk; down falles the horſe:
The furious beaſt claſpt *Jones* with his proboſce;
And mounts him high, but in his riſe he found
The means to give Bahaders face a wound,
And cuts in th'inſtant off, the trunck that claſpt him:
So downe the Elephant was forc't to caſt him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of Cæſars * Souldiers, and no more.
The wounded beaſt inrag'd with paine cryes out
With hideous voice, and plung'd and pranc'd about
The Green, till from his ſeat the prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the Cham from his firſt growth,
This feat he had been taught,) though mad with paine,
He ſtrives to mount him on his back againe.

Read the Commentaries de bello Africano.

But

But *Jones* had lopt off his ſtrong trunck before,
Whereby he could performe this feat no more.
Here *Jones* denies he bred this docill beaſt,
Taught to his hand he got him from the Eaſt;
And his report muſt have beliefe before us,
Who ſweares it was the ſame that carry'd * Porus
Againſt the Macedon. I cannot ſee
How by wiſe natures rules this thing ſhould be,
Unleſſe in Plinies Volumes it appeares,
That Elephants may live two thouſand yeares.
Now *Jones* leaps up in haſt, and ſwiftly flyes,
With ſword in hand, where bruis'd Bahader lyes;
And ere he could get up, one waſhing ſtroke
His head and buckler from his ſhoulders tooke;
Which when twas off, they may compare't that will,
To the grim S Johns head on Ludgate hill.
His numerous Army ſtruck with grief and fright
At his ſad fate betooke it ſelfe to flight,
And thus was No-lands Queen redeem'd by *Jones*
From bondage, rape, and No-lands loſſe at once.
Now if ſhe lov'd our Captaine well before,
In reaſon ſhe muſt love him reane times more,
Which ſhe expreſt by laying at his foot
Her people, No-land, and her ſelfe to boot:
But whether 'twas the god of loves deep curſe,
That ſhe refus'd for better or for worſe,
Thoſe mighty Princes which to her he ſent,
To make her dote on a non-reſident;
Flings ſnow-balles at his heart, and flames at hers,
To keep conjunction from theſe errant Starres;
Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got
Some lame defect by Skinks late deſperate ſhot;

* Read Curtius touching that Elephant of Porus, who often remounted his maſter with his trunck in tha battell between him and Alexander.

And

And so his noble heart made him refuse,
What having got he could not rightly use.
'Tis not in me to Judge, but this I know,
Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow,
So cold that to avoid her amorous sight,
He leaves her court, and steales to sea by night:
So Jason us'd Medea erst, but hee's
So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
Which *Jones* contemn'd to doe, and thought himselfe
When safe return'd, his countries Mine of welth.
No certain ground I have here to relate,
This great deserted Queens unhappy fate,
But Sr. John Mandivils, who doth deliver,
As *Jones* reports, he came soon after thither,
And found the peoples outside all in black;
A sad expression for their Princesse wrack,
Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done,
Redeem'd their Queen and kingdome from the shame
Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Cham
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man in single combate kild.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchlesse man,
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate;
Whilst on the Cliffe with pensive thoughts she sate,
A sudden spring she gave, and so commends
Her selfe to sea, where life and love she ends.
No more of this sad stuffe: let's all at once
Joyne in a joyfull welcome home to *Jones*:
In six moneths saile he steers by Goodwin sands,
Casts anker at the Downes: the next day lands,

Hasts

Hasts to the Queen at London, there expresses
Every particular of his addresses
To Prester John; the great affaires successe
As she desir'd: Lastly, in his progresse,
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
Till 'twas confirm'd by Sr John Mandevill,
Whose strange reports they may beleeve that will.
Now let us well observe the happy Fate,
Which still provided for the Queen and State.
Jones had not rested fully three dayes here,
But out there breaks a great and fearfull fire
Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
So fit in common sense, as Captain *Jones*.
Brave Essex through affronts turn'd male-content,
Hatches in's brest a desperate intent,
To seise the Person of the Queen, and those
He found most neer about her his strong foes.
Her Grace and Councell call for *Jones*, to know
What in his judgement now were best to doe.
Who first her gratious pardon doth beseech,
And then delivers this short pithy speech.
First guard the Court with Westminsters strong bands;
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
Out with your houshold men, shut up your gates;
Wee'l make your foes turn taile with broken pates.
Then call to you the richest of your Citt's,
But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits
Are close knit up: but onely thus much make
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;
That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
Can grasp the sword, and scepter of this Land.

Thus arme their hearts, and rouse them from their beds,
And then let us alone to arme their heads.
She now requires, that *Jones* in person goe
To Essex, his intents to sound and know;
To use all fairest meanes that may reduce him,
From those leud wayes, to which lost men seduce him.
He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,
And is admitted in as soon as heard.
And here he finds Sr Walter Rawleigh with him;
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to some madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth Rawleigh rate,
Shaking his martiall truncheon ore his pate:
Bids him pack thence to th'knaves of his Grand Jury,
He'l make him else th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense,
Gives place to time, and so withdrawes from thence.
Then *Jones* these Counsells to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran:
How weak his power; much lesse unto the force
Of Englands, then his Raine-deer's to a horse.
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,
His honours lost, his ancient house made void:
Beside, his cause was naught; for though himselfe
Nere read the lawes of this great Commonwelth,
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmlesse blood that shall be spilt
In this bad cause, must lye on Essex guilt.
Lay hand on heart most noble Peere, (quoth *Jones*)
The Queen can pardon, and inrich at once.

Be

Be you but good, she can be gratious,
Your own experience can informe you thus.
Thus *Jones* posseſt his noble heart ſo far,
He is reſolv'd to wave the chance of war;
Himſelfe and houſe he yeelds unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too ſoon was ſeen.
This is the laſt great act I can relate,
Of his good ſervice for the Queen and State:
Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
Which his high ſpirit paſt by without regard:
And his great Queen was ſeriouſly bent,
To put him in ſome place of government;
But Nature onely taught the man to fight,
And his rude Mother not to read and write.
Which was the chiefeſt cauſe that made him hate
To be imploy'd in myſteries of State.
Beſides, he was not pleaſed that her Grace
Cut off this Noble man before his face,
Whom he brought in; it may be his owne lot,
With axe or cord for nought to goe to pot.
Thus ignorance, a diſcontented mind,
And worth ill weigh'd, doe make him fall behind
Occaſions lock; which loſt, he never more,
Though bred and breath'd on hills, ſhall get before.
Now time and bruiſes, and much loſſe of blood,
Had made *Jones* feel cold age was not ſo good
As fiery youth; he needs muſt find a fail
Of what he was: declin'd from top to tail.
Which made him wiſh he might put up his reſt,
And breath his laſt in his own Countries breſt.
And for this cauſe he went unto her Grace,
And begg'd of her a Muſter-maſters place,

In Wales, nere his firſt home: where he may ſpend
His later dayes in peace, and in it end:
And yet to leave behind his martiall art,
To Wale's poſterity, before he part.
This ſute with ſpeed and readineſſe is granted,
And ſo to Wales our Muſter-maſter's janted.
Here many years he ſpent in telling more,
Or leſſe of thoſe ſtrange things he did before:
At laſt in his old age he growes ſo wilde,
He needs muſt marry, to beget a child:
Which though he miſt, the maſtery he muſt have
Ore every ſex, *Jones* ſent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increaſt,
He meditates thrice every day at leaſt.
His only prayer was the Abſolution
In our old Liturgy, with ſome confuſion
Of ſhort ejaculations in his bed;
For ſome old ſlips, and for the bloud he ſhed;
Eſpecially for thoſe ſix Kings he kild
Without remorce at the Juzippian field:
At laſt death comes, whoſe power he defi'd
From firſt to laſt, and thus he liv'd and di'd.

Now you wild blades that make looſe Innes your ſtage
To vapour forth the acts of this ſad age,
Your Edghil fight, the Newberies, and the Weſt,
And Northern claſhes; where you ſtill fought beſt:
Your ſtrange eſcapes, your dangers voyd of feare,
When bullets flew between the head and eare:
Your *pia maters* rent, periſht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts:
Whether you fought by Damme, or the Spirit,
To you I ſpeake, ſtill waving men of merit,

Be-

Be modeſt in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard atchievements, I'le proceed
Once more to imp my rurall muſes wings,
And tune my lyre ſo high, I'le break her ſtrings,
But I will reach ye, and thence raiſe ſuch laughter,
As ſhall continue for five ages after.

The Captaines Elegie.

AN'd art thou gone brave man? hath conquering death
Put a full period to thy bluſtring breath?
Thus hath ſhe plaid her maſter-peece? and here
Fixt her *nil ſupra* on thy ſable beere?
Scap'ſt thou thoſe hideous ſtorms, thoſe horrid fights,
With many Giants, cruel beaſts, fierce Knights?
Such dangerous ſtratagems, ſuch foes intrapping,
And now hath death don't? ſure ſhe took thee napping.
For hadſt thou been awake to uſe thy ſword,
She would have ſhun'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word
For thy apparence, till the laſt return
Of her long term. Or did thy metle burn
Through thy chapt clay unto Elyſiums ſhades
T'incounter with the ghoſts of thoſe old blades,
Great Cæſar, Scipio, Annibal; 'cauſe here
Thy fiery ſpirit could not finde its peer?
How couldſt thou elſe finde time to fold thy armes
In thy ſtill grave, now Mars raines bloudy ſtormes,
On Chriſtian earth? great Auſtria would be ours
Without pitcht field, without beleaguering tow'rs:
Wert thou but here, thy ſword would ſtrike the ſtroke
To breake or bring their necks to Brittaines yoke.

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To ſnatch thee up, leſt thou ſhouldeſt come too late,
Now ſouldiers drop pel-mel, whoſe ſoules might thruſt
Thine from the chiefeſt place, which thou from firſt
Haſt gain'd on earth; now what ſhall England doe?
Limp like ſome grandame that hath loſt her ſhooe.
Put caſe a new Tyrone again ſhould ſpring
From his old urne, or ſome ſuch furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our *Jones*,
To bring theſe Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or ſay 'gainſt Spaine our pikes we readvance,
For their old Sack, as ſuch a thing may chance,
Where ſhall we then finde out that Martiall man,
That kild ſix thouſand with nine-ſcore? hee's gon.
And we that lick the diſh that Homer lapt in,
What fury now ſhall our dull braines be rapt in?
We muſt goe ſing S^r. Lancelot and rehearſe
Old Huan's villanous proſe in wilder verſe;
Or elſe put up our pipes, and all at once,
Crie farewell wit: all's gone with Captaine *Jones*.
Well goe thy wayes (old blade, th'haſt done thy ſhare
For things beyond beliefe time (never feare)
Will give thee being here: th'haſt left us ſtuffe,
To build thy Pyramid, more then enough,
To equall Cayre's, and happily twil out laſt it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough-caſt it.
Fare well great ſoule, and take this praiſe with many;
Fxcept thy foes, thou nere didſt harme to any:
And thus farre let our Muſe thy loſſe deplore,
Well ſhe may ſigh, but ſhe ſhall nere ſing more.

His

His Epitaph.

TRead ſoftly (mortals) ore the bones
Of the worlds wonder Captaine Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Poſterity let this ſuffice,
He ſwore all's true, yet here he lyes.

FINIS.

Dupl. varying only in Date